

With thousands of others the writer believes the Gospel Age will close this year. If this be true we are on the eve of one of the most wonderful movements the world has ever witnessed. This movement is found in the fourteenth chapter of Luke. In that chapter we have the Gospel Age represented under the figure of a great supper, which a certain man made, and, at supper time, he sends forth his servant to say unto those that were bidden: "Come for all things are ready." They all with one consent began to make excuse. The Master of the house, being angry, next bids his servant to go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in the poor, &c., after which he sends the servant out into the highway and hedges to compel them to come in that his house may be filled. The "upper time" of the parable represents the closing period of the Gospel Age, and the going out of the servant at the three different commands of the Master represents three great religious movements at the closing period of the Gospel Dispensation. The servant going "to them that were bidden," was fulfilled by the great Second Advent movement of 1843-4, sometimes called the Millerite movement. The servant going out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city represents the Woman's Temperance Crusade movement, which was quickly raised up in 1874, and spread like wildfire all over the land. The very specific work which the Christian women did during the crusade movement was to go right into the streets and lanes of the cities and towns, showing plainly and conclusively that this was a literal fulfillment of this part of the parable. The third and last movement of the Gospel Age will be a great highway and hedges movement as a literal fulfillment of the closing part of the parable. As the first and second movements were raised up in the United States, so the third will be likewise. The Gospel Age is to close with a time of great tribulation. The people are to flee from their homes along the highways seeking shelter in the caves and rocks of the mountains from an awful impending calamity. We are told in 1 Peter, 4:17, "that judgment must begin at the house of God, and as the church of God is principally in the United States, here is where it must commence. During this time of trouble the fourth seal of Rev. 6:8, will be opened. The dreadful invasion from Hades, or the underworld, so graphically described in Joel 2:1-11, will also occur at this time. The awful events outlined in the 91st Psalm will also happen then. Let the reader seek and obtain a pure heart without a moment's delay, for all who have a pure heart and are looking and preparing for the coming of the Heavenly Bridegroom will receive the Divine and supernatural protection referred to in the 91st Psalm.

JAMES M. SWORMSTEDT,
Cincinnati, June 17th, 1881.

New Cases for Crime.

An idea, not exactly new, but now receiving new attention among scientists, is deserving of notice. The theory has been advanced that murders and such crimes are not the fruit of devilish disposition, or revenge or hate. They are simply the natural results of some abnormal condition of the brain. The undue growth of the bone in the region of the medulla oblongata presses upon the brain and drives the innocent man to innocently seize an ax and blameworthy chop his wife's head open. It is her misfortune, not his fault. The post mortem examination of the brains of a number of murderers shows in a majority of cases some tumor, malformation or softening of the brain. The brains of assassins are usually larger than the average. Suicides in almost every case show softening of the brain in one or more lobes. The radical believers in this theory argue that this being the case, hanging is not the remedy for crime. Murderers are to be pitied, not punished, and placed under medical treatment, instead of hanged. At least, while the theory is not yet generally accepted, they hold that a convicted murderer should be given to them to examine and try to mold his brain into new shape. However this may be, in places where hanging is still in vogue, where the choice is between confinement under medical treatment and turning the criminal loose on the community, the decision should not be one long to consider. —[Pittsburgh Telegraph.]

Franklin Oliver bought 3,000 acres of forest in Illinois fifty years ago, built a log house in the center of the tract, and has lived there ever since. He became noted for eccentricities, and it is of him that the story is told about two Methodist ministers, who, having no money to pay for the lodging and breakfast which he had given them, were compelled to preach a sermon apiece to him as the sole compensation. Oliver resolved never to allow a bit of his land to be cultivated, declaring that he would leave it at his death just as he had found it; but five years ago, at the age of ninety, he suddenly changed his purpose and habits. From being a woman-hater, he turned to loving the sex with the ardor of youth. He wooed several girls and women at a time, and won their promises to marry him by giving them pieces of his land. In that way he has rid himself of a great part of his now extremely valuable property, and his heirs, in order to save the remainder, have had him judicially declared incapable of managing his business.

A youth was heard to remark to a fat Teutonian: "Haven't I seen you before? You face looks familiar." "Is not so?" said Hans. "When you get so old as my face will look familiar, too."

Half dollars of 1879, 1880 and 1881 are worth 60 cents each.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

CLASS	PER LINE	PER COLUMN	PER PAGE
First	100	100	100
Second	75	75	75
Third	50	50	50
Fourth	25	25	25
Fifth	10	10	10
Sixth	5	5	5
Seventh	2	2	2
Eighth	1	1	1
Ninth	1	1	1
Tenth	1	1	1

A Terrible Night Experience in the Mount Washington Signal Service Building.

Noticing that the sides of the summit were strewn with boards, beams and debris, my guide explained that what I saw was the result of the great January gale. He added: "Late in the afternoon my comrade, Sergeant M——, came to where I was lying abed sick, and said, 'There is going to be the devil to pay, so I guess I'll make everything snug.'"

"By nine in the evening the wind had increased to 100 miles an hour, with heavy sleet. At midnight the velocity of the storm was 120 miles, and the exposed thermometer recorded 34° below zero. With the stove red, we could hardly get it above freezing inside the house. Water froze within three feet of the fire—in fact, where you are now sitting."

"At this time the mine outside was deafening. About 1 o'clock the wind rose to 150 miles. It was now blowing a hurricane. The wind, gathering up all the loose ice of the mountain, dashed it against the house with one continued roar. I lay wondering how long the building would stand this, when all at once came a crash. M—— shouted to me to get up; but I had tumbled out in a hurry on hearing the glass go. You see, I was dressed to keep myself warm in bed."

"Our united efforts were hardly equal to closing the storm-shutters from the inside, but we finally succeeded, though the lights went out when the wind came in, and we worked in the dark."

He rose to show me how the shutters of thick oak were first secured by an iron bar, and secondly by strong wooden buttons firmly screwed into the window frames.

"We had scarcely done this," resumed Doyle, "and were shivering under the fire, when a heavy gust of wind again burst open the shutters as easily as if they had never been fastened at all. We sprang to our feet. After a hard tussle we again secured the windows by nailing a cleft to the floor, against which one end of a board was fixed, using the other end as a lever. You understand?" I nodded. "Well, even then it was all we could do to force the shutters back into place. But we did it."

"The rest of the night was passed in momentary expectation that the building would be blown into Tuckerman's ravine, and we with it. At 4 o'clock in the morning the wind registered 185 miles. It had shifted them from east to northeast. From that time it steadily fell to ten miles, at 9 o'clock. This was the biggest blow ever experienced on the mountain."

"Suppose the house had gone, and the hotel stood fast, could you have effected an entrance into the hotel?" I asked.

"We could not have faced the gale."

"Not for a hundred feet? Not in a matter of life and death?"

"Impossible. The wind would have lifted us from our feet like bags of wool. We would have been dashed against the rocks and smashed like eggshells," was the quick reply.

"And for many hours you expected to be swept into eternity?"

"We did what we could. Each wrapped himself in blankets and quilts, binding those tightly around him with ropes, to which were attached bars of iron, so that if the house went by the board we might stand a chance—a slim one—of anchoring somewhere, somehow." —[Harper's Weekly.]

The Patient Car.

After all, there is nothing like Yankee ingenuity. The Goodyear Rubber Company has just entered into a contract with the Russian Consul at New York to supply an article the invention of which introduces what might be called an entirely new industry. This contract is for the construction of four dozen patent Cars, or exact fac-similes in rubber of the present Emperor of all the Russias. The intelligent reader will at once grasp the purpose of these imitations. If the Car stays coupled up at home, it is regarded, of course, as a fatal tribute to the power of the Nihilists, while if he appears in public the chances of his being innocently blown up or shot are about nine and seven-eighths in the hundred. The Emperor can enjoy the double-guaranteed security of his iron-clad chamber, and at the same time appear fearlessly to the public. All he has to do is to order the Imperial carriage and have one of the dummies inflated and placed on the back seat of the vehicle. If the entire outfit is then glass-bombed as high as Gildersleeve's kite, the Emperor quietly gets out a manifesto to the effect that the Nihilistic attempt of the assassins was defeated by divine interference, and the next day rigs up a fresh proxy to attend the opera or the State-box at a walking pace. Unless the Nihilistic boom all over Europe weakens very soon, the Goodyear invention will make the whole family as rich as plumbers the first thing they know. Their royalty from the royalty will be immense. —[San Francisco Post.]

REWARD FOR LOST PROPERTY.

One lost a diamond pin, and published in a city paper the following notice: "Lost—\$25 Reward.—A diamond pin. The finder will be paid the above reward by leaving the same at this office." The pin was found by C., who demanded the reward which was refused. P. then demanded the return of the pin, and, on being refused, brought action in replevin for recovery. Held, that the finder, according to the common law, becomes the proprietor in case the true owner does not appear, and meantime his right as finder is a perfect right against all others. And he is entitled to recompense from the owner for his care and expense in its keeping and preservation; but his status as finder does not give him a lien. Yet, if such owner offers a reward to him who will restore the property a lien thereon is thereby created to the extent of the reward so offered. —[Wood v. Pierson, Supreme Court, Nebraska.]

Revenge is a man's duty, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all virtues, entails a perpetual pleasure.

A New Enterprise.

"Mr. Diffenderfer," said a serious looking man with long hair, calling at the former well known citizen's mansion, on Van Ness avenue, the other day, "I wish to see you on a confidential matter of the greatest importance. We are alone, I believe?"

"We are, I believe," said Mr. —, much mystified by the movements of the caller, who looked cautiously into the book-case, and behind the piano, and concluded by dropping the cat outside the door.

"In the first place, then," said the long-haired man, taking a seat and producing a square leather box from his coat-tail pocket, "allow me to ask if I am correctly informed that your mother-in-law is residing with you?"

"Such is the case," responded Mr. Diffenderfer.

"Very well," said the stranger unstrapping the box, "I now desire to call your confidential attention—confidential, mind you—to a little invention just gotten out by our company, the A. I. Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, and it displayed an object that resembled a gigantic glass marble."

"What's that?" asked Diffenderfer.

"Some new kind of a liver pill?"

"A pill? That's the genuine Russian glass bomb," asserted the agent.

"Great heaven! Take it away! What do you mean? Look out, there! Police!"

Mr. Diffenderfer turned a pale purple over the back of the sofa.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear sir," blandly explained the stranger. "It isn't loaded. It's only a sample. You see the nitro-glycerine cartridge is not added until the fourth day."

"What the blazes do you mean?"

"Allow me to explain. You see, our company—the Accident Insurance—notice the loss, please—Company of Hartford, no connection with Mark Twain's Insurance concern—manufactures these articles of the very best materials, under the supervision of a competent Nihilist, and furnishes them on a strictly honorable and confidential basis to families, where—where they are most needed as curiosities."

"Curiosities?"

"Exactly. The system is this: Some assumed friend in Russia sends you by express a supposed unfinished glass bomb as a curiosity. You exhibit it around, let it drop on the floor, give it to the baby to play with, etc. On the fourth day you take the entire family to a picnic, with the exception of your mother-in-law, rich grandfather, or whoever it is that is—well, suppose we say—superfluous in the domestic circle. Before leaving, you slip the prepared cartridge into this aperture. When you return the dream of your life is accomplished. It's a little rough on the mirrors and things, but what's that, after all?"

And receiving from Mr. Diffenderfer an assurance that he would think over the matter carefully, the agent warmly shook that estimable gentleman's hand, winked in an eloquent and significant manner, pocketed his box, peeped cautiously into the hall, and walked out.

A Mongolian Education.

"Say, John, can you pay me that bill?" asked a soap and starch man of a Fulton street laundryman.

"Can't pay my bills. Slumboddy stole my books. Melican man lose books no payee. Raise row. Say can't find 'em. Chinaman allee samee."

"What do you mean, you wall-eyed heathen? Going to pay that bill or not?"

"Me no payee. Me allee time like Board of Education. Allee time raise hell, spend money and lose books. You findee books, me payee."

"Where'll I find your books, old chopsticks? You pay up, or I'll bounce you."

"You no bounce me. You clownard and liar! You makee me mad; Chinaman free you out Joss diam quick. Melican man spend money, makee ass of self, and hire man to steal books. Chinaman allee samee. Me defaulter. Me bustee up. You gettee committee investigate. Chinaman allee samee Melican man. Ki ya!"

They are an imitative race—the Mongolians—but they don't thoroughly understand the American methods of business. An individual can't do what a corporate body can, and the chinaman will find it out some day. —[Brooklyn Eagle.]

John Soard is serving a life sentence in the Kentucky Penitentiary under conviction of the murder of L. B. Whitney, who, it has just been discovered, is living and serving as a Constable in Cleveland, Ohio.

Veterans of 1812.

Dr. C. C. Graham, now 97 years of age, delivered the following address before a meeting of his old comrades at Paris, last week.

"FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE WAR OF 1812.—Ours was the second struggle to be freed from the crown of Great Britain, and but for the hardships and hazards we endured the citizens of our glorious Republic would now be suffering under the galling yoke, as is oppressed Ireland. The three long years of suffering during that doubtful contest with the powerful nation we fought, and we only, can conceive of. As there were no turnpikes and no railroads, no wagons could be passed through the tangled forests and black swamps around the lakes, we consequently had to pack our provisions on our backs with the old-fashioned heavy musket. When wearied with a day's trudge, knee deep in mud, there was no sleep but on a brush cut and piled a few inches above water. Then often were we awakened by the report of the deadly rifle cutting off our pickets. We were daily skirted by the wild savage in his own native forest. This, however, is of the past, and we who have annually met in commemoration of it will soon be gone from earth forever. Our union in future must be with a Christian hope of a resurrection from the dark and loathsome abodes of dissolution to the bright realms of unending joy. We, the few now left, are tottering on the brink of the dark and faithless abyss. My own wearied heart and dimmed eyes admonish me that the curtain of eternal night is fast closing around me. I now bid adieu to you and generous and noble Paris, which has, for more than half a century, made us welcome and fed us free. When young, we fought as trusty soldiers of the State; now let us die as faithful soldiers of the Cross, and with conscious men, calmly and firmly meet the inevitable now in full view."

WHILES.—The birthday of whales is celebrated occasionally in the public schools like that of the poets. The following is a little girl's composition prepared lately for that occasion: "Whales is big fish. Whales live a long time and don't die when they get old. We had a railroad whole here a little time ago, just for a while. Whales don't always travel that way. They mostly go by water, so they can sea more. Most people like to go by rail head-head, but whales ain't like most people. A good while ago people used to make light of whales, but they don't some now; 'tain't quick enough. The lamps won't blow up. We wouldn't have no newspapers if it wasn't for coal oil, and railroads, and pistols, and so forth—'cause there wouldn't be no news. Whales is like shoes—right and left. Our railroad whale was a right whale. Sometimes a whale gets left when the tide goes out—kind of untied. Maybe there is other kind of whales. Some of the boys catch 'em in school, but I don't like that kind; they ain't interestin' to girls."

He Had Left His Pocket-book at Home.

They were walking on the avenue the other evening when it was so very warm, arrayed in their summer clothes. In the distance shone the light of an ice-cream saloon, merry inside with the jingle of spoon and dishes.

"Oh! Augustus, it is so warm."

"So it is, yet."

"Don't you think, dear, that we could find a cooler place than the street?"

"Perhaps we had better go in the park and get a drink of water."

"Will scream first."

"Why would you scream, love?"

"Oh, because—because, oh! look, Gus, there's an ice-cream saloon!"

"I read, Angelique, darling, in the paper to-day that ice-cream contained the germ of small-pox. Let's go and get some soda water."

When Angelique got home she screamed to her mother that she'd never got out with that stingy, old, bald-headed heathen again. —[Detroit Free Press.]

Hoop-Skirts Coming.

Worth makes the unpleasant announcement that he is going to introduce hoops sooner or later, and the adroit man is beginning with starched flounces, "crinolines." It was by these the hoop came in before. It did not burst, so to speak, in full-orbed inconvenience upon the world. But there was a shadowy sunrise of starched draperies and a curious fabric like woven wire, known as grass cloth. By means like these men were taught first to pity, and then to endure, and at last to embrace, in part, skirts full six feet across. The revived fashion is pretty sure to come, however, and as the last time in most previous appearances of the amputated in drapery in this century, in the eighteenth and in the sixteenth, the style appears likely to come in on an ascending wave of prosperity. —[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

Here is a story for those little boys who have a mind to run away with the circus.

Leotard Carlo was made a performer in the ring when he was only two years old, beginning as a postulant for riders, and afterward becoming expert on the trapeze. He wore the brightest of spangled costumes, smiled brilliantly while at work, and altogether was an object of envy to juvenile spectators. A few days ago a pitifully ragged and wan lad of twelve was caught stealing a drink of milk from a can in a Boston street. Being arrested, he said that he was Leotard Carlo, that lameness had incapacitated him for gymnastic feats, and that for months he had been a starving, shelterless tramp.

Charley and little brothers were seated around a Thanksgiving dinner, and in the course of the meal began to quarrel about the turkey.

"Charley!"—I want the wish-bone of the turkey. Mamma—Never mind, Charley, let the little ones have it this time; you can have the next one. Charley (sulkily)—I don't care, I'm going to have mamma's wish-bone when she dies.

Conkling don't seem to run as well at Albany as he did at Narragansett Pier.

A Novel Feature.

Of the season at Saratoga and Long Branch will be an advertising belle at each of those places. Two handsome girls of good form and top-lofty style have been hired for the purpose. They will be fashionably dressed, but their mission is not to display dry goods. A dealer in hair, hair-dyes, washes for the complexion and toilet articles of a beautifying sort employs them, and will pay their expenses. They will serve as models on which to exhibit the latest achievements in false hair and hair-dressing. Their faces will be carefully "made up" with such preparations as he manufactures. The plan is a bold one, but entirely feasible. The hotel balls at Long Branch and Saratoga are open to all who come; and these two professional beauties are personally respectable, know how to dance gracefully, can talk well enough, and will certainly eclipse most of the amateur beauties. They will stay at first-class hotels, lounge on the most thorough balconies, go to the horse races, and, in short, make themselves decently conspicuous in every possible way. There is a swindle in the matter, however, and I'll tell you how. These two girls are beautiful when undressed, and the "make-up" of their faces with washes and pigments is not at all needed; nor is any particular kind of braids, frizzle or switch requisite to make their heads bewitching. But many a plain woman will foolishly suppose that the same adornment will produce in her equal attractiveness, and in that error will lie the hair-dresser's profit. It depends on the newspapers to let the public know who and what his professional beauties are, and whom they advertise, but I won't further his cause by giving his name. Both girls are tall, slender, delicately-molded blondes, with the air of Duchesses, and they come from east of the Avenue. —[Clara Belle.]

GOOD ADVICE TO A JUDGE.—Justin Webster was brought up before an Austin Judge of the Peace. It was the same old charge that used to bother him in Galveston. After the evidence was all in, the Judge, with a perplexed look, said: "But I do not comprehend, Webster, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window, and there were two vicious dogs in the yard." "Hit wouldn't do yer a bit of good, Judge, for me to explain how I cotedhem chickens, for you couldn't do it yerself if ye tried it forty times, and yer might get yer hide full of buckshot de berry first time yer put yer leg wher de fence. De bes way fer yer to do, Judge, is fur yer to buy yer chickens in de market." —[Texas Siftings.]

A young and well-dressed woman unmercifully thumping her mother upon the back excited mingled emotions of indignation and pity in the minds of the passers-by on a crowded thoroughfare yesterday.

A good-hearted but indolent philanthropist who ventured to remonstrate at this brutal exhibition was bidden to mind his own affairs, and at last, after much gapping and coughing, the elder lady explained that she had "swallowed a cardamon seed the wrong way," and her daughter was dutifully pounding her between the shoulders to the intent that choking might be avoided. Surely appearances are often deceived. —[Boston Journal.]

The town clock of the First Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J., lately stopped.

The town-keeper found in the wheels of the clock a tangled mass of hair, twine, grass, cotton and feathers, amounting to nearly half a peck. A pair of birds had entered the tower through a hole in the machinery of the clock. The slow revolution of the wheels tore their work to pieces, and they kept on re-constructing until they stopped the wheels.

"How do you like my new clothes?" asked Leander. "Pretty well," replied Henry, doubtfully, and then added, "but I think I should like you better in a walking suit."

He sat wrapped in silent thought for about five minutes, and then got up and walked slowly away in the suit he had on.

"What does your husband do?" asked the census man. "He ain't doing nothing at this time of the year," replied the young wife. "Is he a pauper?" asked the census man. (She blushed scarlet to the ears.) "Law no!" she indignantly exclaimed, "we ain't been married more'n six weeks!"

A celebrated preacher makes the recommendation of Ayer's Pills a matter of religious duty. When people are Bilious and Dyspeptic what they need is the Gospel of Health. In such cases, the best sugar coated consists of the thirty sugar coated pills in a pill-box.

A Frenchman proposes to rent for mushroom raising purposes a portion of the Mammoth Cave. The part selected by him is the avenue named in honor of Audubon. It is said that the proposed mushroom farm will not affect the natural grandeur of the wonderful caverns.

Clara Fols, the San Francisco woman lawyer, being told by the opposing counsel in Court that a woman's proper place was at home, raising children, retorted: "A woman had better be engaged in almost any business than raising such men as you are, sir."

"I declare, John, I never saw such a man! You are always getting some new wrinkle." And the brute calmly replied, "If you had a new wrinkle, you would have no place to put it, dear."

A young lady recently presented her lover with an elaborately constructed pen-wiper, and was astonished the following Sunday to see him come to church wearing it as a cravat.

No Hospital Needed.

No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large-salaried talented butlers to wait on Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home. —[New York Independent.]

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